

The Rockland Gazette.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE BENEFIT OF ITS PATRONS AND THE PECUNIARY PROFIT OF ITS PUBLISHER

VOLUME 9. ROCKLAND, MAINE, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1854. NUMBER 42

THE ROCKLAND GAZETTE

JOHN PORTER, Proprietor.
Office, No. 1 Custom-House Block,
(THIRD STORY.)

OPPOSITE HERRY'S BLOCK, AND OVER THE HARD
WARE STORE OF G. L. SMITH.
TERMS.—\$3.50 in advance. If payment is delayed
until the expiration of the year, \$2.00 will be charged
single copies may be had at the office, price, 3 cents.
Advertisements must be handed in on or previous to
Wednesday.

Notices of Meetings in which persons have a pecuniary
interest, will be charged at the rate of five cents per line.
Notices of Marriages and Deaths inserted free of
charge. Obituary notices, however, will be charged at 5
cents per line for all over six lines.
All communications on business should be directed
to the proprietor.

[From Godley's Lady's Book.]
THE DYING GIRL.

BY THE LATE MRS. JOHN DELANEY.

The steps of summer were upon the earth,
And there was a fair garden which she kept
For her retreat upon a woodland hill:
A lovely girl lay on the couch of death,
Who, like a form that walks the world above,
Had made that garden of fair flowers and birds
A home she worshipped.

Now the skies were bright,
And nature, like a mother who doth love
Her only child with holy tenderness,
Put forth her power to make the world look lovely,
That the pale form so soon to pass away
To summer climes which never know a change,
Should die when heaven and earth were fair and bright.

The evening sunbeams fell with softened light
Through the deep foliage of luxuriant vines
Which o'er the casement of her window hung.
A cool breeze fanned her pale and burning cheek,
And gently moved the light curls on her brow;
And as it wandered o'er the blooming flowers,
It seemed the spirit which pervades their world,
And sighed as though it mourned the dying girl.

And called the child that faint voice which he had heard
Back to the thousand lovely things of earth.
And may we with instinctive love
In its bright morn and with its tender chords
Unbroken, firmly bind the world's adieu.

And pass into the grave, and dark tomb—
The gentle, dying one—but once again
Came the dear yearning of soul for life—
The gladness nature has, the heavenly joy,
She felt the light through all her wondrous works;
Then as a lone and weary voyager,
With an impassioned eye she looked again
On the bright world of sunshine and of flowers,
And thus she poured her soul's love, farewell!

Farewell to thee, bright earth,
Thou art all lovely in thy rich array!
My ear drinks in sweet sounds of joyous mirth,
Nature's own music—yet I must away!
Death, death! thou wilt not leave me here, yet delay!
To die, alas, to die!

To my farewell to all my heart holds dear:
To pass from earth while yet the summer sky
Resounds with gladness voices, sweet and clear—
Oh! would I might yet longer tarry here!

And must I now depart,
Ere summer's fragile flowers shall cease to bloom?
This youthful form and this warm-breathing heart
So soon to gather to the dust, dark tomb—
Is there no power that may revoke the doom?

Shall I no more behold
The sparkling waters of the mountain rill?
Nor when the spring-time dews the leaves unfold,
With buoyant step trace forest, glade, and hill?
It may not be!—the full, my heart, be still!

But, oh, there are fond fancies,
Whose love has been my soul's deep dream of bliss!
Father in heaven, my reason half departs!
O! shall the spoiler sever love like this?
Must thy frail child the red dust chaste, kiss?

Why do you, fondling heart,
Toss wildly, wildly, tossing to life?
O! why should death's dark warning summons ring
My soul with anguish?—Farewell to the strife,
Like the deep sea, where storms are rule and rife!

Yet I would I might resign
My spirit, Father, to Thy heavenly will!
Tis only Thou! with voice of love divine,
The dreadful throb in my mind canst still!
Oh! bid sweet peace my troubled bosom fill!

Yes, yes, I will submit—
Forgive the spirit that has dared rebel!
And, holy Father, if Thou thinkest fit,
Take me from earth, for 'Tis all things well!
With Thee, henceforth, I would for ever dwell!

Thus she poured out in song her fervent soul,
Then slowly waved her hand—her friends drew near,
She kissed them with an angel's love and bliss,
And calmly and sweetly looking up to heaven,
As though she saw some waiting spirit near,
Said softly, "Yes, I'm ready now!"—and died.

MAXIMS OF A YOUNG MAN.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be use-
fully employed, attend to the cultivation of your
mind.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be
so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your
income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you
have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with
tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may
not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt, unless you see a way to
get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never think that which you do for religion is
time or money mispent.

Read some portion of the Bible every day.

Counsels for Life.

EDUCATION.—Instruct your son well, or others
will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether
untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom
or he will go off himself to the rival academy,
kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There
is always teaching going on of some sort, just
as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

FACE.—The silent echo of the heart.

THE BOY HEROES.

A SKETCH OF EARLY WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant state, and be-
fore the foot of civilization had trodden her
great forests, there lived upon the branch of
the Green River an old hunter by the name of
John Slater. His hut was upon the southern
bank of the stream, and save a small patch of
some dozen acres that had been cleared by his
own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater
had two children at home with—two sons
Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and
the latter twelve years of age. The elder child-
ren had gone South. His wife was with him,
and she had been for several years an almost
helpless cripple from the effect of severe rheu-
matism.

It was early in the Spring that the old hun-
ter had just returned from Columbia, where he
had been to carry the produce of the Winter's
labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had
received quite a sum of money, and had bro't it
home with him. The old man had several
years been accumulating money, for civilization
was gradually approaching him, and he meant
that his children should start on fair terms with
the world.

One evening just as the family were sitting
down to their frugal supper, they were attract-
ed by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as
Slater went to the door to see what was the
matter, he saw three men approaching the hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs and the strangers
approached the door. They asked for some-
thing to eat, and also for lodgings for the night.
John Slater was not the man to refuse a request
of that kind, and he asked the strangers in—
They sat their rifles behind the door, unsling
their packs, and room was made for them at
the supper table. They represented themselves
as travelers bound farther West, intending to
cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agree-
able or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater
took no notice of the circumstances, for he was
not one to doubt any man. The boys, however,
did not like their appearance at all and quick
glances which they gave each other told their
feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the
table, but sat in her great easy chair at the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the
guests, but they were not very free, and after a
while the talk dwindled to occasional questions.
Philip the elder of the two, noticed that the
men cast uneasy glances about the room, and
he watched them narrowly. His fears had be-
come excited, and he could not rest. He knew
that his father had a large sum of money, in
the house, and his first thought was that these
men were here for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly
cleared off the table, and then they went out of
doors. It had become dark or rather the night
had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon,
two thirds full, shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip in a low whisper, at
the same time casting a look over his shoulder,
"what do you think of these 'ere men'?"

"I'm afraid they're bad ones," returned the
younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal fa-
ther's money. Didn't you notice how they
looked round'?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we
think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us
we were perfect scare-crows."

"But we can watch 'em, but do not let them
know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and
then going to the dog-house they set the small
door back, so that the hounds might spring
forth if they were wanted. If they had de-
sired to speak with their father about their sus-
picions, they had no chance, for the strangers
sat close by him.

At length, however, the old man signified his
intention of retiring, and arose to go out of
doors, to see to the state of affairs without.—
The three followed him but did not take their
weapons. The old lady was fast asleep in her
chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two
of father's rifles up to our bed—we may want
them. We are as good as men with rifles."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possi-
ble the boys slipped two rifles from their sock-
ets behind the great stove chimney and then
hastened back and emptied the priming from
the stranger's rifles, and when their father and
the strangers returned, they had resumed their
seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two
apartments on the ground floor, one of them in
the end of the building being the old man's
sleeping room, and the other room in which they
now sat.

Overhead was a rough scaffolding, reaching
only half way over the large room below it,
and in the opposite end of the building from the
little sleeping room of the hunter. A rough
ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it close up
to the gable end, was the boy's bed. There
was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding,
but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of
the kitchen for the three travellers, and after
everything had been arranged for their comfort,
the boys went up to their beds, and the old man
retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they
did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had
passed away, and they could hear their father
more. Then they heard a movement from those

below. Philip crawled silently to where he
could peep down through a crack, and saw one
of the men open his pack, from which he took
several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the
moon, and moving towards the window, he
shoved the sack back and threw the pieces of
flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his
bed and laid down.

At first the boys thought that this might be
thrown to the dogs only to distract their atten-
tion; but when the man laid down, the poison
flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered
his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse
of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs
were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sud-
den pressure from the hand of his brother kept
him silent.

At the end of the boy's bed there was a dark
window, or small square door, and as it was
directly over the dogs' house, Philip resolved to
go down and save the dogs. The undertaking
was a dangerous one, for the least noise would
arouse the villains—and the consequence might
be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself
strong in heart, and he determined upon the
trial. His father's life might be in his hands.
This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving
from the bed, and it swung upon its leathern
hinges without noise. Then he threw off the
sheet and tied the corner of it to the staple by
which the window was hooked. The sheet was
then lowered on the outside, and carefully the
brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined
his brother not to move and then slid noiselessly
down. The hounds had just found the meat,
and they drew back at their young master's
beck and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He
easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he
quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There
was a light ladder standing near the dog house,
and setting this up against the building, Philip
made his way back to his little loft, and when
once safely there, he pulled the sheet in after
him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and
with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He
had performed an act, simple as it may appear,
at which many a stout heart would have quail-
ed. The dogs growled as they went back into
their kennel, and if the strangers heard them,
they thought the poor animals were growling
over the repeat they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise and
all was quiet. An hour passed away; and so
did another. It must have been midnight when
the men moved again, and the lad Philip, saw
the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks
of the floor on which stood his bed. He would
have moved to the crack where he could peep
down, but at that moment he heard a man up-
on the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to
his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The
man came to the top of the ladder and held his
light up so he could look upon the boys. The
fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they
were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground
floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He
saw the men take knives, and he heard them
whispering.

"We'll kill the old man and woman first,"
said one of them, "then we'll hunt the money."
If those little brats up there (pointing to the
scaffold) wake up we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another
of the villains."

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but not the
young ones first; they will make a noise and
start the old man up."

Philip heart beat with terror.

"Down the ladder outside! quick!" he
whispered to his brother. "Down and start
up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw
it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs in
the house, he quick as you can! I'll look out
for father whilst you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little
window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to
the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains
were just approaching the door of his father's
room. They had set the candle down on the
floor, so that it would shine into the bedroom
as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer
of his rifle back and rested the muzzle upon
the edge of the boards. One of the men had his
hand upon the latch. The boy here uttered a
single word of heart-felt prayer and then he
pulled the trigger. The villain whose hand
was upon the latch uttered one sharp quick cry
and fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed
through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were
confounded, but they quickly comprehended the
nature and position of their enemy and they
sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it
however for at that moment the door was flung
open and the hounds—four in number—sprang
into the house. With a deep wild yell, the
animals leaped upon the villains and they had
drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter
came from his room. "Help us! help us! fa-
ther," cried Philip, as he hurried down the
ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are
murderers! robbers! Hold 'em! hold 'em!" the
boy continued clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the
scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot
where the hounds had the two men on the floor.
The villains had both lost their knives, and the
dogs had so wounded them that they were in-
capable of resistance. With much difficulty
the dogs were called off, and the men lifted to a
seat. There was no need of binding them, for

they needed some more restorative agent as the
dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to the old man
cast his eyes about the room. They rested a
moment upon the body of him who had been shot
and then turned upon the boys. Philip told
him all that had happened. It seemed some time
before the old hunter could crowd the whole
teeming truth through his mind; but as he
gradually comprehended it all a soft, grateful,
proud light broke over his features and he held
his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered, as he
clasped them to his bosom. "God bless you
for this. O, I dreamed not that you had such
hearts."

For a long time the old man gazed upon his
boys in silence; while tears of love and grate-
tude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face
was lighted up with the most joyous holy pride.
Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse
and started for the nearest settlement and early
in the forenoon the officers of justice had the
two wounded men in charge, while the body of
the third was removed. They were recognized
by the officers as old criminals of notoriety; but
this was their last adventure for the justice they
had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped
them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass
down the Ohio river, I beg they would take no-
tice of a large mansion that stands upon the
southern bank with a wide forest park in front
of it. It situated some eight miles west of Owens-
boro. Ask your steambot captain who lives
there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater &
Brother, retired flour merchants." They are the
Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

There is one matter in which some excellent
parents are verily guilty. They think they 'give
their boys a chance,' while they insist upon
such employments as are calculated to make
them dullards, drones and dyspeptics.

Take a case. Sam is a fine stout lad of a
dozen years. He has a strong frame, full, round
cheeks, but rather a thick head, his good moth-
er fears. She suspects that while they lived in
the country he was neglected, since now he
shows a more decided taste for running in the
streets and for play than for any school book he
brings home with him. Being an attendant
upon one of the best of our public schools, he
spends five hours of each day in the schoolroom,
but to be entirely punctual he must leave home
at 8 o'clock in the morning. A brief recess is
all the chance he gets to 'cruise' or 'cut up,'
until he gets home at 3 1/2 or 4.

Then Sam is disposed to take it easy a while,
but the spirit of the age has got into our fathers
and mothers, and Sam's parent shames him out
of his laziness. He dashes into the street, and
with a hurra! is off among the other lads on
a chase. But boys will tumble if they run
hard, and pantaloons will tear if they are vio-
lently strained. By the time the tea-bell rings
or a little after, the young 'rip' comes in with
beads of sweat on his forehead, broken pants and
a shoe-sole off. Perhaps he has rubbed the skin
off his hand, or blackened his eye in his rough
play, but he'll not complain of them. Sam's
poor mother is in distress. Her boy is a scape-
grace, she is afraid. Poor woman, she sighs
over her dull boy, and wishes he would take
to his study as her neighbor's boy does, who is two
years younger and two classes ahead of him.—

With the lighted lamp, Sam snatches up his
new magazine, or the paper to read where the
fire was. But little comfort gets he of his read-
ing. The anxious mother hints and coaxes,
and at last compels him to get his school books.
At it he goes sluggishly; and at it works sleepily,
but at last succeeds. He has learned his
spelling lesson with an absurd definition for each
word; his geography lesson—which happens to be
the names of the South American rivers; his
grammar—which was to remember a page of
unintelligible formulas; his history—which was
a compilation of dates; and his arithmetic, any
of whose axioms his father, though just from the
counting-house, would hesitate to do without a
slate. He pokes off to bed an hour past the
time when he should go, and is up early to go
the same round again. Saturday he writes
composition and copies, and steals a little play.
Sunday he blacks his shoes; goes to two meet-
ings and two Sunday schools, gets a tye taste of
the Arabian Nights while pretending to be asleep,
and resorts.

Now, mother, is this the way for your stout
boy to get an education? Probably, in spite of
your bad management, he will continue in
health, obtain exercise enough by stealing it,
and get along well. But what folly possesses
you? You could not sit five hours on the com-
fortless seat, and in the ill ventilated room that
Sam is caged in five hours out of the seven.—
You could not, to save your best thing from pawn,
commit to memory those definitions that dignify
the spelling book he uses. You could not
learn and keep in memory the catalogue of
names that compose his geography lesson. Your
head would ache well nigh to splitting, to spend
as many hours a day pouring over books as he
does.

Take a different course, and see how he im-
proves. Give him a nice breakfast before he
goes to school or set none yourself. He gets home
prime lunch for his recess. When he gives home
don't let him look into a book unless he begs
with tears in his eyes to do so. Send him into
the street with full permission to run his eyes
out if he chooses. Don't worry if he cries
about, spares not, and yells like an Indian whilst
playing. Every whoop he gives saves him another
month from consumption, and there is no
harm in it unless the M. P. objects or the next
neighbor is nervous. If he allows any boy to
out-run him, shame him for his sloth. When
he comes in to tea his appetite will resemble a
bear's. Let him eat, then. When the father
leaves back to tell a story, let him hear it out and
enjoy it. Encourage him to tell his story, too,
—why it is thus he will learn the eloquence
you so much envy for him. When the family
gathers around the table to work and read, set
him at his lessons. His active mind will grasp
now in an hour what he would do over for three
hours but for the after school racing and play.
Let him read a little in the book he prefers when
the lessons are learned, and then get him early to
bed. Let the Saturday lessons be very short
and his play-spell long.

"But he will tear his clothes to rags." Well,
what are trousers worth by the side of health?
What are shoes; which are but the skins of dead
cats, compared with elastic and excellent spid-
ers?

"But he will grow rude and unmanageable.—
He will run with bad boys to learn their wicked
ways." Keep an eye on him, then. Learn the
names of the boys he goes with; and get him to
tell where he has been at every tea-time; not as
a spy or a judge, but because you are interested
in his sports. It will do a deal towards keeping
him within bounds and making him honest tow-
ard you. Boys cannot grow in flower-pots, nor
shut out from sun and air. They must have ex-
ercise or grow up punies. School them as much
as you choose, but with ribbons for muscles,
and nerves; that are as tender as those of a bro-
ken tooth, uneducated Young America will lay
them panting on their backs. The education

Work if You would be Happy.
It is the most absurd of all mistakes to sup-
pose that happiness consists in having nothing to
do. Yet, we fear, error prevails almost uni-
versally in America. In no other way, indeed
can we account for the eagerness with which
men seek those avenues of business, that have
the reputation of leading rapidly to fortune.
Nearly everywhere in this country, is making
haste to get rich. To attain wealth and attain
it speedily is the undisguised ambition of nearly
all. For this they sacrifice health, for they
neglect their own culture, and for this they
abandon their children utterly to teachers who
are often inefficient. For this, also, the slower,
yet more certain methods of amassing riches,
pursued by their fathers are deserted and either
visionary speculations substituted in their place
or a legitimate business extended beyond prop-
er limits. The community is strewn with
cast-aways, so to speak; the stranded wrecks
produced by this eager haste after wealth. The
highways of society are white with the bones of
those who have perished in the intellectual race
after sudden riches, and who after straining
every nerve, have sunk helplessly at last by the
wayside, there to perish neglected and deserted
by the hurrying crowd.

Few men, even if they succeed in obtaining
fortune by a bold stroke, either retain or enjoy
it. The wealth which has been easily acquired
is often dissipated as rapidly. Weak human
nature is rarely proof against the temptation of
sudden riches. It has been well said, by one
of the profoundest observers of his race that
ever lived, that prosperity is more difficult to
bear than adversity. But prosperity, slowly
acquired, accustoms a person gradually to his
change of condition, and the balance of mind
is not, therefore, liable to be so readily upset as
in rapid elevations. A sudden rise to wealth
dazzles the subject, like one emerging into sun
light from a mine. Or it makes him dizzy like
one unexpectedly placed on an eminence. Even
Napoleon the Great, though the greatest intel-
lectual perhaps, that has lived for the last thou-
sand years, lost the equipoise of his mind at last
in consequence of his vast successes. Had he
been less triumphant in his earlier years, his
later years might have been spent at Fontainebleau
instead of St. Helena; for he would have es-
caped that excessive confidence, which amount-
ing finally towards temerity, precipitated him
into ruin.

But it is even more difficult to enjoy riches
suddenly acquired than it is to retain them.—
There seems to be something vicious, *per se*, in
the rapid acquisition of wealth, so that it actu-
ally unfits the possessor for the calm enjoyment
of life. For all true happiness is quiet. Ex-
citement is not real felicity, as the revolution
which follows it, and is inevitable, in the very
nature of things, sufficiently establishes. Men
who have made fortunes quickly, can rarely,
however, settle down to what they call a life of
tameless; they must have something to 'stir
them up,' as they say; and require it in fact as
much as a confirmed drunkard does his glass.
No; sudden wealth is not to be desired; for it is
a snare often even to the best. Labor, at least
moderated labor is as needful for the happiness
of man, as exercise is for his health. The over-
worked operative in an English mine, does not
more surely violate the laws of nature, through
compulsion, than the rich man, who does not
work at all violates them of his own accord.—
Extremes on either side lead to misery. The
golden mean is the only sure part. Those there-
fore, who have it in their power and who desire
real happiness in life, should follow that safer
road, avoiding the quicksands of sudden wealth
on one side as carefully as they would the pre-
cipice on the other.—[Phil Ledger.]

ARGUMENT. With fools, passion, vociferation
and violence. With ministers, a majority.—
With men of sense, a sound reason.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The Pennsylvania Enquirer, in an article up-
on the arduous and responsible duties which de-
volve upon physicians and the exhausting nature
of their occupation, pays the following eloquent
and just tribute to these brave men, in some of
our Southern cities, who through all the perils
of an appalling pestilence have remained at
their posts of duty, as healers of the sick, and
have gone about doing good.

"It is, however, in the hour of pestilence and
when the members of a whole community are
panic stricken, that the faculties of the medical
man are taxed to the utmost, that his moral
courage is tested, and his capacity for the pro-
fession is fully put to trial. It is every way
honorable to the profession, that at such times
it rarely occurs that a regular educated physi-
cian fails or falters in his duty. Within a week
we have been called upon to record many laud-
able instances of fidelity—fidelity which closed
in martyrdom and in death.

In the city of Savannah, some of the noblest
spirits of the profession have been swept away.
So also at New Orleans, Charleston, and at
Pittsburg. Nay, we have not heard of a single
instance of dereliction from the path of duty,
of moral cowardice, of disgraceful flight.

A profession, therefore, whose members, one
and all remain firm and true under such circum-
stances, who take their lives in their hands and
brave death in it most appalling form, is indeed
an honor to humanity. All pecuniary reward
is as nothing at such a critical moment. The
duty is the impelling and controlling motive
a sense that is identified with the profession and
a departure from which would be regarded, not
only with censure, but with surprise and indig-
nation. It is stated that one of the physicians
in Pittsburg made no less than 90 visits during
twenty-four hours of last week, while several
others were so exhausted by their labors, as to
render it necessary to adopt some artificial means
to enable them to remain at their posts. And
such indeed, is the history at the medical pro-
fession throughout the country. All honor
therefore to an avocation that is distinguished
by such true humanity.

ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.

We notice that Mr. Richardson advertises in
Boston for proposals to build a working line of
the Atmospheric Telegraph, on the plan which
he has contrived and tested. This plan was
presented to Congress at its last Session, and
in the Senate a Special Committee reported in
favor of an appropriation to give it a fair trial.
We are glad to see that the discovery is not ne-
glected. Its importance, if it succeeds, can
hardly be over-estimated. The magnetic tele-
graph is quick enough, but it carries only words.
The railway is powerful enough, but the long
wire stretched over the tall posts at its side,
teaches every one of its passengers, that, much
as it boasts of its speed, it is really a slow coach.
Now, here comes an invention, between steam
and magnetism, which supplies, in some mea-
sure, the incapacity of both.

The Atmospheric Railway is intended for the
transportation of letters, parcels, and merchan-
dize, through an exhausted cylinder, by the pres-
sure of the air. The idea is not a new one. It
has been suggested repeatedly within the last
forty years, but never found practicable. Some
ten years ago, an Englishman proposed to carry
mail and small in packages air-tight tubes, by
atmospheric pressure, very much as Mr. Rich-
ardson now proposes. But the difference be-
tween them is this—while in Mr. James' plan
the parcels are enveloped in spheres encased in
bags of a diameter three inches less than that
of the tube through which they pass, leaving thus
a free space upon all sides for the transmission
of air, Mr. Richardson's planger exactly con-
forms to the tube, and permits no air to pass be-
yond it. The whole process depends upon the
successful application of a known fact. The
atmospheric pressure is a matter of accurate cal-
culation. "If we place (says the Senate Report)
upon the ground a tube of uniform diameter,
open at both extremities, and accurately adjust
within it a piston capable of sliding in either
direction, the piston of course remains station-
ary, the atmospheric pressure upon its surface
being equal. But if we confine the piston at
one end, and by means of an air-pump, exhaust
the tube, the piston, upon being released, will
pass through the tube at a speed equal to about
635 miles per hour, modified by its weight and
friction." Mr. Richardson had a model in Wash-
ington which worked beautifully, and we hope
he will make the experiment work well on a
larger scale. Many practical difficulties will
doubtless arise to interfere with it, and they
may not be readily overcome; but in this age,
"there's no such word as fail." Surely the idea
of an atmospheric telegraph is less wonderful
now, than that of a magnetic telegraph was a
few years ago. And who knows, that we may
not soon be getting mail-bags from Boston in
fifteen minutes' time, and receiving at our
breakfast table the morning's news-papers from
New York? Nay, who knows (if the air-pump
can regulate the speed,) that passengers and
vehicles may not yet be put through big cylin-
ders, from place, by the same atmospheric pow-
er! Then, the world will inquire, what next?
We can hardly imagine. When men get to be
shot through huge gun barrels, like so many
lead bullets, it will be almost time to "close
the shutters." But it may be, nevertheless.—
"There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

NOTHING LIKE THE BIBLE.
AN AFFECTING AND REMARKABLE TALE.
The circumstance itself occurred in the town
of Warren, and was related at a Bible meet-
ing by a gentleman of respectability connected
with the Society.

<

PARAGRAPHS

FOR THE

MILLION

In this age of wonder,
Of magic and thunder,
If you'll call very soon,
At my Picture Salon,
I will give you my face,
In a little, new case,
Either Ladies or Gents,
For just FIFTY CENTS.

A few more left of the same sort, and only

HALF A DOLLAR.

MATTHIAS ULMER, Artist.

Rockland, Oct. 12, 1894.

E. R. SPEAR,

Successor of E. F. Dunn,

PALMER'S BLOCK, Main Street,

ROCKLAND.

I HAVE this day taken the store lately occupied by E. F. Dunn, and shall keep constantly on hand a FIRST RATE

ASSORTMENT OF

BOOKS,

PAPER HANGINGS, FANCY GOODS, &c.,

comprising all the goods usually kept in a first class Book

store.

All of the above goods will be sold VERY LOW, as I

am desirous of clearing out my stock as soon as possible.

By my attention to business I hope to merit my share

of the public patronage, and shall endeavor to keep such a

stock on hand as will much more than warrant all

the trouble and expense of the day will be received

in full.

W. Wakefield's Circulating Library.

I have the pleasure to announce to the public that I

have just received a new stock of books, and shall

keep them on hand as usual.

Blank Books.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Sept. 12, 1894.

Paper Hangings.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

Successor to E. F. Dunn.

DANCING LESSONS.

MISS M. A. FIELD, of Orono, Me.

RECEIVED a notice to the public, that she will

commence a course in Dancing, on Wednesday, Sept.

12, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

in Rockland, Me. The course will be given at the

residence of Mr. J. W. Field, in Rockland, Me. The

course will be given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Field,

The Best Pills of the Day

TRY THEM AND YOU WILL

RESPOND TO IT.

THE Proprietor in offering these PILLS to the public is

induced to do so by the fact that he has seen of his friends

and those who have used them for many years and find

them to be the best now before the public without any

exceptions.

These pills, unlike any now used by the public and from

their peculiar composition, the nature and material of

which they are composed, and the almost certain salutary

effect which they produce upon the system, render them

rightly and justly adapted to the attacks of most of the

diseases of our climate and will do more in breaking up

and throwing off diseases from the human system than any

other medicine now in use.

A disease is a change of the functions of the whole organs

of the system, or of some particular organ, for instance if

the functions of the whole organs are changed it constitutes

a disease of the whole system, hence as many different

kinds of diseases, now in order to remove the disease

and restore those organs to the performance of their

healthy action and promote their natural secretions

and excretions and to assist nature in her efforts to throw

off from the human system that which has caused the disease

disturbance, some impression must be made upon the system,

or a new action excited in the body, that will overcome

and counteract the disease action, and it is upon this

principle that all diseases are cured and no other. Now

it must be recalled to the mind that if an individual is

in possession of such a sovereign remedy he has

made great access to the healing art.

Such a remedy I now offer to the public in the form of

IR. COLBY'S VEGETABLE PILLS. No Pills ever offered

to the public before, and which will cure all the

different diseases, viz.:—Constipation, Indigestion,

Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Dysentery, etc.,

and all the diseases of the bowels, and of the urinary

system, and all the diseases of the digestive organs,

and all the diseases of the human system, and all the

diseases of the human system, and all the diseases of

the human system, and all the diseases of the human

system, and all the diseases of the human system, and

all the diseases of the human system, and all the

diseases of the human system, and all the diseases of

the human system, and all the diseases of the human

system, and all the diseases of the human system, and

all the diseases of the human system, and all the

diseases of the human system, and all the diseases of

the human system, and all the diseases of the human

system, and all the diseases of the human system, and

all the diseases of the human system, and all the

diseases of the human system, and all the diseases of

the human system, and all the diseases of the human

system, and all the diseases of the human system, and

all the diseases of the